



7-17-1856

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 01): July 17, 1856

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 01): July 17, 1856" (1856). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 468.  
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## Original Poetry.

### THE SUMMER RAIN.

BY J. P. ORWELL.

On the moss grown roof it comes pattering down,  
With a musical sound that flows;  
In rills it goes rippling along the ground,  
With a gentle murmuring flow;  
Refreshes the grass and the waving grain,  
Falls in rich plenty the summer rain.

The flowers their half withered cups upraise  
The eaves-drops to hold;  
The robin is singing clear,  
And their leaves that curled in the sun's hot rays  
The grateful trees unfold;  
Giving life to each plant on the thirsty plain,  
God's blessing to earth is the summer rain.

From the juniper tree by the cottage door,  
The robin is singing clear,  
His happy song of praise he pours  
In Nature's listening ear.  
Singing ever loudly his sweet refrain—  
"Praise to God for the summer rain."

Earth's musical voices in joyous notes  
From her myriad folds arise;  
From the whispering trees they softly float,  
And the rustling corn replies;  
All in joyous and varied strains,  
Gladly, rejoicing in the summer rain.

## Miscellany.

### IN THE HOUSE.

We have been in several houses since our boyhood, and have learned that much of the happiness and misery of this life depends upon domestic matters.

"James," said Mrs. Johnson, "you go right along and bring in some wood this minute, or I'll certainly whip you. When do you think I shall get my washing done at this rate?"

James, a boy about ten years old, was standing himself by the side of the stove, and he kept on without paying any attention to his mother's command. Mrs. Johnson, who was obliged to do her own housework, as they felt too poor to keep a hired girl, and who was very anxious this day to get her washing done before night, as she expected friends from a distance, kept on washing with all her might, forgetting the fire and what she had said to James about the wood; and forgetting also if she had ever thought of it, that the proper government of her boy at that age was more important than washing or preparing for friends. Going to the boiler presently, and finding that the clothes had not yet boiled she almost ran for some wood, scolding at James as she went somewhat as follows:

"Why didn't you get some wood when I told you? Here it's almost noon, and your father'll be here to dinner pretty soon, and there'll be nothing ready. Now James, you let that cat alone, or I'll whip you, sure you live!"

James who had been threatened with a whipping a great many times, but never received one, more than a slap on the ear, was quite too busy to pay any attention to his mother just then, for he had about a dozen sticks tied to the cat's legs, tail, neck and ears, and was just ready to let her go. When Mrs. Johnson came in with the wood she saw the cat scampering up stairs, rattling like a dozen clattering wind-mills; and joining James in a hearty laugh, her youthful prodigy concluded he had done a very nice thing in the sight of his mother. But though cheerfulness seemed to be restored between them, it was of a short duration. Lucy, James' sister, a little girl about six years old, was "rocking the baby," and to keep her contented her mother had let her take James' picture book. James just at this time, discovering this encroachment upon his dignity, and flying at Lucy, he snatched the book and gave her a hard blow upon the side of her head that made her scream at the top of her voice.

"There," said James, "I'll learn you to get my book."

"James," said Mrs. Johnson, "just as sure as you ever do that again I'll whip you as long as you can stand. There, there, dear, said she to Lucy, 'James is a naughty boy; but don't cry, and mother'll give you a piece of that nice cake she baked Saturday.'"

By this time the baby had awaked, and was squalling according to the full strength of its lungs. James seeing the confusion he had made, had left, and Lucy was munching a piece of cake that required both hands to hold it to her mouth. Mrs. J. took the child, and while administering nature's opiate, her trials came vividly before her mind. She had done all that a mother could do to make her children do right, and still she was having daily trouble with them. She had worked till she felt almost exhausted; her work was all behindhand; her washing could hardly be completed by dark, and her friends would find her unprepared for their reception; and more than all she knew her husband would not appreciate her trials, and would find fault because everything was not to his liking; and as she rocked back and forth with her precious charge, the tears commenced coursing down her cheeks. At this time she saw her husband, Mr. John Johnson, coming to his dinner, and wiping the tears from her face, she endeavored to appear cheerful when he entered.

"Well, this is pretty business," said Mr. Johnson, "half after twelve, and nothing done towards dinner yet."

"I've done all I could," replied his wife, meekly, "the baby has been worrisome, and I couldn't get James to bring a stick of wood nor do anything to help me."

"Couldn't," said Mr. Johnson, contemptuously, "I guess if I couldn't make such a boy as that mind, I'd never tell of it."

We have given enough of the management in the house of Mr. Johnson to show what everyday life is there. And yet Mrs. Johnson is an amiable, well-disposed woman; but there seems to be an almost total failure in her capacity to properly manage and govern children and quite a lack in regard to time and order. With these defects overcome, she would be an excellent housewife. Mr. Johnson is usually considered a sensible man and a Christian; but neither his sense nor Christianity has taught him to be constantly cheerful in his own house; nor to endeavor to lighten the burdens which are surely shortening the days of his wife. Out from their own house, in the social circle, and in the busy world, they are thought to be pleasant, agreeable and happy companions; and we should never have known to the contrary, had we not had a chance to witness the management of matters in the house. When we left that house our thoughts ran nearly as follows:—How unchristian, to appear pleasant, and agreeable, and contented, and to talk of all our duties as husbands, wives, and parents, when we are mingling with the world, but to be so morose, sullen, cross, and unfeeling in our families—to attempt to sympathize in the trials of our neighbors, when we refuse to sympathize in those of our husbands or wives—to seek momentary pleasure in the social circle and busy world, but to throw away the days, months and years of pure happiness which might be enjoyed in the neat, quiet, well-managed home. And these thoughts troubled us considerably, till we had the privilege of witnessing the management in another and very different house, in which management we will perhaps describe at some future time.

**ABOUT POETRY.**—We were conversing with a young lady, some few evenings ago, at a literary reunion, and as she had been introduced as a poetess, we of course touched on poetry. It was not many minutes before she

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had run through the stereotyped list of favorite authors, when she concluded with Byron, asserting her conviction that he was the greatest poet that ever wrote. We modestly hinted that we preferred according to that distinguished position to Shakespeare, upon which, with an unaffected laugh at our simplicity, she cried, "Why, Shakespeare wasn't a poet; his plays don't rhyme."—[Exchange.]

### Fruits in Summer.

By an arrangement of Providence, as beautiful as it is benign, the fruits of the earth are ripening during the whole summer. From the delightful strawberry on the opening of spring, to the luscious peach of the fall, there is a constant succession of delightful aliments; a constant supply of the most health giving influences; and with the rich profusion of a well attended fruit, it is one of the most unaccountable things in nature, that so little attention is paid, comparatively speaking, to this branch of farming.

It is a beautiful fact, that while the warmth and exposures of summer tend to biliousness and fevers, the free use of fruits and berries counteract that tendency. Artificial acids are found to promote the separation of the bile from the blood, with great mildness and certainty; this led to the supposition, that the natural acids, as contained in fruits and berries, might be as available, and being more palatable, would necessarily be preferred. Experience has verified the theory, and within a very large period, Allopathic writers have suggested the use of fresh ripe, perfect, raw fruits, as a reliable remedy in the diarrhoea of summer.

How strongly the appetite yearns for a pickle, when nothing else could be relished, is in the experience of most of us. It is the instinct of nature, pointing to a cure. The want of a natural appetite, is the result of the bile not being separated from the blood; and if not remedied, fever is inevitable, from the slightest grades, to that of bilious, congestive and yellow. Fruits are cooling; is a bye-word, the truth of which has forced itself on the commonest observers. But why they are so, they do not tell the time, opportunity or inclination to inquire into. The reason is, the acid of the fruit stimulates the liver to greater activity in separating the bile from the blood, which is its proper work, the result of which is, the bowels become free, the pores of the skin are open. Under such circumstances, fever and want of appetite, are impossible.

### HOW TO USE FRUITS.

To derive from the employment of fruits and berries all that healthful and nutritive effect which belongs to their nature, we should—

First—Use fruits that are ripe, fresh, perfect, raw.

Second—They should be used in their natural state, without sugar, cream, milk or any other item of food or drink.

Third—Fruits have their best effect when used in the early part of the day, hence we do not advise their employment at a later hour than the middle of the afternoon; not that, if perfect and ripe, they may not be eaten largely by themselves, within two hours of bedtime, with advantage, but if the sourness of decay should happen to taint them or any liquor should inadvertently be largely drunk afterwards, even cold water, acidity of the whole mass may follow, resulting in a night of distress, if not actual or dangerous sickness. So it is better not to run the risk.

To derive a more decided medicinal effect, fruits should be largely eaten soon after rising in the morning, and about midway between breakfast and dinner.

An incalculable amount of sickness and suffering would be prevented every year if the whole class of deserts were swept from our tables during summer, and fresh, ripe, perfect fruits and berries were substituted, while the amount of money that would be saved thereby, at the New York prices of fruits, would in some families, amount to many dollars, dollars enough to educate an orphan child, or support a colporteur a whole year, in some regions of our country.—[Hall's N. Y. Journal of Health.]

**IMPORTANCE OF RECREATION.**—The following felicitous passage occurs in the admirable speech of Hon. Edward Everett, at the Webster Festival at the Revere House. The orator in referring to Mr. Webster's taste for manly sports, added these words:

"The Americans, as a people—at least the professional and mercantile classes—have too little considered the importance of healthful, generous recreation. They have not learned the lesson contained in the very word which teaches that the worn out man is recreated, made over again by the seasonable relaxation of the strained faculties. The old world learned this lesson years ago, and found out (Herod 1, 173) that as the bow always bent will at last break, so the man, forever on the strain of thought and action, will at last go mad or break down. Thrown upon a new continent—eager to do the work of twenty centuries in two—the Anglo-American population has overworked and is daily overworking itself. From morning till night, from January to December, brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the powers of the body and the powers of the mind are in spasmodic, merciless activity. There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations which are called amusements, but noble athletic sports, manly out-door exercises, are too little cultivated in our town or country."

Hostility to the Slave States, and Hostility to Slavery Extension, are too frequently confounded by the careless reader, as the character of many of our communications abundantly prove. Slavery, within the States where it now exists, or any one of the States now free, which may think proper to establish it, is just as much entitled to the protection of the Constitution, as is any one of the States entitled to protection when invaded from abroad. But Slavery is a local, not a national Institution; and because local, and solely within the control of the States tolerating it, any attempt to meddle with it, from persons not living in the Slave States, is at war with right and justice and subversive of the Constitution itself. And in like manner, being a purely local Institution, Congress has no right to meddle with it. All agitation, therefore, on the subject of Slavery in the States, comes from what source it may, is a great wrong; and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by Congress for the purpose of legislating Slavery into Kansas, must and will be repudiated by the people.

But while we are hostile to any and every

attempt to meddle with Slavery where it constitutionally exists, and are ready to do battle for it to the full extent of our constitutional obligations, we hold that the attempt by Congress to extend it into the free territory of the United States, is not only a violation of the Constitution by assuming that Slavery is a national Institution, but is the greatest possible outrage upon the rights of our people. We therefore approve of the resistance made by the people of Kansas and of the Free States, against the extension of Slavery into Kansas by an act of Congress based upon violated public faith. 'Veritas' need not be told that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was not only a gross breach of faith, but that the act of repeal was rendered more offensive by its attempting for the first time to legislate Slavery into the Territory by an act of Congress; and thereby rendering it a National instead of a local Institution.

So far as this press is concerned, it has in no regard changed its principles. It will wage battle against Slavery extension by Congress into the Territories of Kansas, Nebraska, Washington, Oregon, &c.; but that accomplished, it will stand by every constitutional right of the South in relation to Slavery, with the same pertinacity that it ever has; and if needs be, we would, all of us obey the call to defend those constitutional rights of the Slave States, as readily as we would so in defence of any and every constitutional right of the North.

[Courier and Enquirer.]

### Strawberries.

Who has not been strawberries? Who has not picked the delicate fruit from the tender vine? Who has not strolled hand-in-hand with some "blue-eyed Mary" or dear "Hattie," and revelled for a while in boyish love? These were dear days, but they are gone forever. The writer in the Express struck a chord in almost every heart when he penned the following:

"Strawberries are ripe!" "Somebody carelessly said so yesterday, and then forgot it perhaps, but we did not; on the contrary, those little words have caused us a sort of delicious reverie for the last half hour, which kings are too poor to purchase. We have been engaged with memories which, lately, have waked up every year at about this time—green years and always will be, no matter for the snow that may possibly sift down upon our head through coming years."

"Strawberries are ripe!" Yes, "strawberries are ripe!" but they are out upon the prairie now. Time was, though, when they were down in the meadow, blushing behind their leafy veils, at the roots of the tangled grass, while Robert of Lincoln, full of song, swung to the breeze upon the wild sun-flowers or the willow, or it was up in the old pasture, on the green hillside, where Mary and Bill and—yes, perhaps, dear reader, used to go strawberries. Don't you remember it? Ah, indeed you do, and it sends the pulses home with a quicker throbbing, even now, as you think of it. Don't deny it. There is no harm if you did like Mary the best—you could not well do otherwise, she was so mild and gentle, while Bill was mischievous and plucked you so. No wonder so many fine rich chusters used to find their way into Mary's basket to the manifest disparagement of your own, and that, somehow, you always used to have two baskets to carry when the way was rough in going home. You loved her then, and you loved her more and more, till God grew jealous, and they bore her away one morning and laid her to rest in a quiet nook of the old churchyard, among the green hills. Daisies, emblems of innocence, grew by the white tombstone, in the old valley, when you saw it last, while now your heart grows softer and softer, and your eyes dimmer as those memories come gliding down the golden links of the past.

"Oh, yes! 'Strawberries are ripe,' but not the strawberries of 'long ago.'"

### The Philosophy of Cookery.

Miss Sedgwick has asserted in some of her useful books, that "the more intelligent a woman becomes, other things being equal, the more judiciously she will manage her domestic concerns." And we add, that the more knowledge a woman possesses of the great principles of morals, philosophy and human happiness, the more importance she will attach to her station, and the name of a "good house-keeper." It is only the frivolous, and those who have been superficially educated, or only instructed in show accomplishments, who despise and neglect the ordinary duties of life, as beneath their notice. Such persons have not sufficient economy of reason, to see that "Domestic Economy" includes every thing which is calculated to make people love home and feel happy there.

One of the first duties of woman in domestic life, is to understand the quality of provisions, and the preparation of wholesome food. The powers of the mind, as well as those of the body, are greatly dependent upon what we eat and drink. The stomach must be in health, or the brain cannot act with its utmost vigor and clearness, nor can there be strength of muscle to perform the purposes of the will. But further, woman, to be qualified for the duty which nature has assigned her, that of promoting the health, happiness and improvement of her species, must understand the natural laws of the human constitution, and the causes which often render the efforts she makes to please the appetite of those she loves, the greatest injury that could be inflicted upon them. Often has the affectionate wife caused her husband a sleepless night and severe distress, which, had an enemy inflicted, she would scarcely have forgiven—because she had prepared for him food which did not agree with his constitution or habits.

And many a tender mother has, by pampering and inciting the appetites of her young sons, laid the foundation of their course of selfishness and profligacy.

If the true principles of preparing food were understood, those errors would not be committed, for the housekeeper would then feel sure that the best food was that which best nourished and kept the whole system in healthy action; and that such food would be best relished, because, whenever the health is injured, the appetite is impaired or vitiated. She would no longer allow those kinds of food, which reason and experience show are bad for the constitution, to appear at her table.

It is an established truth in physiology, that a man is omnivorous—that is, constituted to eat almost every kind of food which, separately nourishes other animals. His teeth are formed to masticate and his stomach to digest flesh, fish, and all farinaceous and vegetable substances—he can eat and digest these even in a

raw state; but it is necessary to perfect them for his nourishment in the most healthy manner, that they be prepared by cooking—that is, softened by the action of fire and water.

In strict accordance with this philosophy, which makes a portion of animal food necessary to develop and sustain the human constitution, in its most perfect state of physical, intellectual and moral strength and beauty, we know that now in every country, where a mixed diet is habitually used, as in the temperate climates, there the greatest improvement of the race is to be found, and the greatest energy of character. It is that portion of the human family who have the means of obtaining this food at least once a day, who now hold dominion over the earth. Forty thousand of the beef-fed British, govern and control ninety millions of the rice-eating natives of India.

In every nation on earth, the rulers, the men of power, whether princes or priests, almost invariably use a portion of the animal food. The people are often compelled, either from poverty or policy, to abstain. Whenever the time shall arrive that every peasant in Europe is able to "put his pullet in the pot of a Sunday," a great improvement will have taken place in his character and condition; when he can have a portion of animal food, properly cooked, once each day, he will soon become a man.

In our own country, the beneficial effects of a generous diet, in developing and sustaining the energies of a whole nation, are clearly evident. The severe and unremitting labors of every kind which are requisite to subdue and obtain dominion over a wilderness world, could not have been done by a half-starved, suffering people. A large quantity, and better quality of food are necessary here, than would have supplied men in the old countries, where less action of body and mind are permitted.

Still, there is great danger of excess in all indulgences of the appetite; even when a present benefit may be obtained. The tendency in this country has been to excess in animal food. The advocates of the vegetable diet system, had good cause for denouncing this excess and the indiscriminate use of flesh. It was and now is, frequently given to young children—infants before they have teeth—a sin, against nature, which often costs the life of the poor little sufferer; it is eaten too freely by the sedentary and delicate, and to make it worse still, it is eaten, often in a half-conscious state, and swallowed without sufficient chewing. All these things are wrong, and ought to be reformed.

It is generally admitted that the French excel in the economy of their cooking. By studying the appropriate flavors of every dish, they contrive to dress all the broken pieces of meats and make a variety of dishes from vegetables, at a small expense.

Next to the knowledge of the differences in the human constitution, and the nature of the food proper for man, this study of flavors, and art of re-cooking to advantage, is to be prized by the good housekeeper. Every farmer who has a garden spot, should cultivate those vegetables and herbs which are requisite for seasoning—horseradish, onions, celery, mustard, capsicum, (red pepper), sage, summer-savory, mint, &c., are easily raised. These, if rightly prepared, will be sufficient for all culinary purposes, and a little care and study, will enable the housekeeper to flavor her meats, gravies, and vegetables in the best manner.

Bear in mind that in preparing food, three things are to be united, the promotion of health, the study of economy and the gratification of taste.—[Mrs. Hall.]

**THE CONSECRATED COBBLER.**—When William Carey went to India, many a wise man would have said to him: "You may just as well walk up to the Himalaya mountains, and order them to be removed and cast into the sea." I would have said: "that is perfectly true, this Hindooism is as vast and solid as those mountains; but we have faith—not much, yet we have faith as a grain of mustard seed;" and William Carey said, "I will go up to the mountain." Lonely and weak, he walked up toward that mountain, which in the eye of man seemed verily one of the summits of human things, far above all power to touch or shake it; and with his own feeble voice he began saying: "Be thou removed, be thou removed." And the world looked on and laughed. A celebrated clergyman looking down from his high place in the Edinburgh Review, was much amused with the spectacle of that poor man down in Bengal, thinking in his simple heart that he is going to disturb Hindooism; and from his high place he cast down a scolding word, which he meant to fall, just as of old, boiling lead used to fall upon a poor man from the height of a tower. He called him a "consecrated cobbler." All the wise world laughed and said he was treated as he ought to be treated. However he went on saying to the mountain, "Be thou removed, be thou removed!" and one joined him, and another joined him; the voice grew stronger; it was repeated in more languages than one: "Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the depths of the sea!" and now there is a large company who are uttering that sentence, "Be thou removed!"

I ask the living representatives of the very men who first smiled at his folly, "What say ye now?" "Well," they answer, "you have not got it into the sea yet. That is true; but do you say that the mountain during the last forty years, has not moved position? No man can say that it is in the same position as it was when Wm. Carey first went up to it. It is moving fast; and I call upon you to swell that voice, the voice of God's Church, which seems to say, 'Be thou removed; be thou removed, and be thou cast into the depths of the sea!'" Cast into those depths it will be; and a day will come when the nations of a regenerated East will write in letters of gold upon the first page of their Christian history, the name of the "consecrated cobbler."—[Arthur's Missionary Speech.]

**RECIPE FOR MAKING A CEMENT TO REPAIR BROKEN CHINAWARE.**—From an English almanac we have a long time since got a recipe for mending china-ware, and the opportunity having occurred for testing its virtues, we found it admirable, the fracture being scarcely visible after the article had been repaired. It is thus made: Take a very thick solution of gum arabic dissolved in water, and stir it into paste of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.—[Exchange.]

### THE DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.

The staggering measure of the following composition, from the Vermont Chronicle, corresponds well with its character and subject.

When I try to go one way I go the other:  
But let that pass,  
Though it is a real bother  
While I last,  
I called on a man for help; he only sneered,  
Told me to help myself,  
Called me a drunken whelp,  
And away he steered.

There are folks about a winking and blinking  
Like a cat in a storm—  
I wish I knew'd what they're thinking upon:  
Blow it!

If they're plotting against me  
I'd like well enough to know it.  
The roads are all jumbled up together,  
And it's dark,  
And I'm floundering about like a frightened shark.

O, Jimm! how I feel all over;  
And now,  
One foot won't go, nor won't I other,  
And I am in a peaky bother:  
Where to go or how to go,  
What to do I don't know.

But I believe I'll stop and lean against a post,  
Whether or no.

Well, as I'm troubled how to go,  
I'll take to resting, so say;  
What I do is for me stealing,  
I grow poetical and full of feeling.  
Hullo there, boy! come here, now;  
Have you no pluck,  
Don't you see as how  
That I've got stuck?

I wish I had another leg,  
That I could move of flesh, or wood;  
For these old things ain't worth a peg,  
And do no good.

Let me see;  
What I'm doing, I'm doing,  
About grace and giving alms,  
And hay and stubble,  
And man's a bubble,  
And all about our fallen race,  
That won't help a man when he's in trouble?

Poor John, he swallowed a whale  
All down, from head to tail;  
And for three nights he was in such a stew,  
He didn't know what to do,  
Whether he got up again I never knew.

Moses and Aaron went into the Ark  
In great tribulation,  
And there came a dreadful earthquake  
And swallowed all creation.

There are two moons to-night,  
One above and two below,  
And both give light,  
Still I cannot see.

Some awful creature holds me tight.

### Mr. Fillmore's Position.

For the first time in the canvass—for the first time indeed, since he ceased to be President.—Mr. Fillmore in his speech at Albany, referred to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the agitation which the aggressions of Slavery have aroused, and the uprising of the people of the Free States against them. He has no word of rebuke for the domineering insolence, and the audacious ambition of the champions of Slavery extension. He "has nothing to say of the present Administration;" though he insinuates, that possibly the repeal of the Missouri Compromise may have been effected "at aid in personal advancement rather than in any public good." Upon these points he is either silent or apologetic. But he denounces openly and with emphasis the great movement of Freedom in self-defence. He brands the uprising of the people of the Free States, against the tyranny they have suffered and the still greater tyranny which they are threatened, as a treasonable movement, certain to end in the dissolution of the Union. He goes farther than this. He denies the right of the people of the Union to elect a President, except with the concurrence and assent of the Slaveholding States! He declares that if the Free States should vote unanimously for Fremont, the South would not submit. "Can the Republicans," he says, "have the madness or the folly to believe that our Southern brethren would submit to be governed by such a Chief Magistrate?" That a man in Mr. Fillmore's position should ask such a question as this, is certainly astounding. Pray, why should our Southern brethren not submit? Mr. Fillmore goes beyond the South itself in uttering threats on its behalf. Not even the most rabid champion of Slavery, in or out of Congress, has ever yet hinted at such a course of action as Mr. Fillmore proclaims and justifies. Not a solitary Southern paper has intimated that the South will not "submit" if Col. Fremont should be elected President. It is mortifying that any Northern man should be found pusillanimous enough to proclaim such a sentiment in advance.

But Mr. Fillmore desires to know how a President so elected can select his Cabinet and distribute the patronage of the government. He intimates that he can appoint nobody from a slaveholding State. We should like to know why not. Does Mr. Fillmore apprehend that nobody can be found in the South who would take office under such a President? His own experience should have taught him better. Neither he nor any other man will live long enough to see far Federal offices go begging in Virginia, or in any of the Southern States. But we will let Mr. Fillmore what would be the effect of the election of a Republican President upon the South in this respect. It would bring into the Federal service a class of men in the Southern States who are now excluded by the Slaveholding Oligarchy, because they cannot be made the tools of its audacious schemes. It would thus instantly release the Southern mind from the thralldom in which it has so long been held. And the result of such a bestowal of the Executive patronage would be to create a sound and healthy public sentiment in the Southern States, upon this and every other subject. Men then would dare to speak their sentiments, and to act upon their own convictions of duty; and, instead of witnessing a compulsory and cringing worship of Slavery, as the only institution worth preserving in this republic, we should see it fairly convulsed by Southern men;—and we might then hope for a restoration of common sense in the discussion of its political, social and economical relations. The cry of dissolution, which Mr. Fillmore seeks to revive, has ceased to have any terror for Northern men. They have seen the base use it has been made to serve, and are no longer to be deceived or misled by it. It is the state device of men seeking under cover of it to carry Slavery into every Territory, and to place all Federal power in the hands of Slaveholders to be wielded for the promotion of their interests and the accomplishment of their ends.

We are glad that Mr. Fillmore has made this frank and open avowal of his deep hostility to the movement of the Free States against the aggressions and the extension of Slavery. It puts it out of the power of his supporters to continue the game they were beginning to play

with some success, of representing him as equally reliable with Fremont upon this great issue.—[N. Y. Times.]

### A Gloomy but Truthful Picture.

We love and admire Kentucky. The natural character of her people is frank, manly and generous. The history of her early settlement is a history of heroism and manly achievement. The pioneers of Kentucky were brave and honest. They have left to their children an honorable name and a glorious inheritance.

But in an evil hour, they permitted a few of their fellow-citizens to introduce into the green hills of the West a class of degraded and ignorant laborers to employ them in competition with their poorer neighbors. In a new country labor is scarce. The owner of slaves could plant more corn and tobacco than the man who had only his honest hands to rely upon. The farmer who worked men without paying them could undersell the farmer who had to pay for help. Gradually the poor man became discouraged and dissatisfied. Gradually the rich man became richer and more avaricious. They poor man wanted schools for his children. Slavery wanted no schools! He despised the society of his equals. Slavery despised him because he owned no slaves. The Slaveholder's wife refused to associate with the laborer's wife. The planter's daughter refused the addresses of the laborer's son and the visits of the laborer's daughter, except in some instances, and then the planter grieved with bitter lamentations and sadness to see his own children fall into the arms of that ignorance his peculiar institution had created.—The noble quality of early Kentucky life has disappeared. Society is divided into classes, with embittered prejudices and opposing interests. The Slaveholder despises the Slave, the Slave despises the poor man, (except where each sees that the system makes them both slaves alike to the same master,) the poor white man regards both as his natural enemies—what is the consequence of this unhappy and unnatural division?

Go where you will over the beautiful, undulating surface of Kentucky, and you behold deserted farm-houses falling into decay. Everywhere you meet the long processions of negroes, laden with the household necessities, of cattle, of horses, of sturdy farmers with their wives and children, all wending their way to the North-west, but among these processions you never see a negro. Kentucky spurns the best blood of her children. She hugs the negro to her bosom. There are indeed processions of negroes; disgraceful and scandalous processions; hand-cuffed and fettered, with fearful eyes and sorrowful countenance. These victims of a barbarous and bloody despotism march Southward to the music of their murdered joys, of their despairing memories. Torn from their families and severed forever from the scenes of their humble pleasures and early associations, with no hope of reunion, they go to the pestiferous swamps and dense forests of the South-west, to work in gangs beneath the lash of the brutal overseer, till fever and excessive toil put an end to their sufferings.—[Ky. News.]

**MEDICAL PARLANC.**—Somebody, in an exchange paper that lately fell under our eye, relates that a friend of his was visiting at the "White Hills" in the Granite State last year, and one day, when passing a house, observed a little child at the door, with what he considered a very dangerous plaything, viz.: a child; and thinking it kindness, accordingly stepped in to inform the parent. "Madam, said he, 'are you aware your child has got the chisel?' "Why! the mercy on me!" exclaimed the mother; "well, I knew something was the matter, for the child has been ailing for a long time."

This reminds us of the anecdote of a lady of the Perkins school, who, having been present when the cause of sudden decease of a child was medically stated, gave this version of the verdict: "poor thing! they say it died of *ipse dixit* in its telegraphic despatch!"

[N. O. Pic.]

When Lord Elgin was in Portland, a dinner was given to him. He said to one of the committee: "This takes me by surprise. Must I make a speech?" "It will be expected, sir," "Tell me, I pray you what you have of which you are proud? Any public works? Any public men?" "It is the birthplace, sir, of Longfellow, the poet." "Does he reside here?" "He does not. He was born here. His brother still lives here, whose name is Samuel. We are accustomed to speak of him as a townsman, and are very proud of him." "Thank you, sir, thank you." Elgin was called. Elgin rose. "Portland, we know you! Your fame has reached across the Atlantic! For years is the proud honor to have given birth to America's greatest poet—the world-renowned Samuel Longfellow!"—[Boston Post.]

**RESUSCITATION OF DROWNED PERSONS.**—Dr. Marshall Hall, an eminent physician of London, gives instructions for the resuscitation of persons apparently drowned, at variance with the methods now in use. He says:—

"There is one great impediment to the restoration of the function of respiration, which is the falling back of the tongue across the top of the glottis, or entrance into the windpipe. In order to remove this, the patient is to be placed upon his face and breast, and the body is then to be turned slowly on to one side and then returned slowly to its former position. This motion, whose effect is to cause a considerable amount of air in the lungs to be expelled and re-inspired, is to be kept up until breathing is restored, or all hopes of resuscitation from this source are abandoned."

**RELIGION AND POLITICS.**—The New York Independent has come out flat-footed for Fremont, and says in its last issue:—

"The Independent will enter the field side by side with all who desire to do battle for truth, justice and humanity. With all the power God may give it, it will urge the Christian public to do by their might what their hands find to do, to save our beloved country from the death-grasp of Slavery. It will advocate Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press, Free Soil, Free man, and—Free-mom for the next President. Those who think a religious paper should not thus freely join with the secular press in doing this extraordinary work, are informed that the matter has been calmly considered, the cost counted, and the conclusion deliberately and conscientiously arrived at, that duty to God and man precludes a moment's hesitation as to the course which ought to be taken by this paper."

Mr. Beecher, in the same issue, denies that Mr. Fremont is a Roman Catholic. Alluding with characteristic warmth to Mr. Fremont's marriage by a priest of the Church of Rome, Mr. Beecher remarks:—

"Like a true lover and gallant man, Fremont said that he did not care who did it, so that it was done quick and strong. Had we been in Col. Fremont's place, we would have been married if it had required us to walk through a row of priests and bishops as long as from Washington to Rome, winding up with the Pope himself."



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . JULY 17, 1856.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper and is authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York. N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia. S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore. S. M. Patterson & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

## A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

**PINE GROVE CEMETERY.**—A brief walk through the beautiful grounds of the new cemetery reveals not only many new graves, but various improvements that add to the loveliness of the place. The number of elegant and tasteful monuments has increased, till they are seen in all directions; and it may safely be said that in chasteness and propriety of design, as well as neatness and skill of execution, they are excelled in no cemetery of equal extent that we have seen. The inscriptions exhibit a degree of correctness in lettering and punctuation not often seen, and violations of which too often mar the beauty of the best monumental work.

The Stark monument, recently erected by the family of the late Hon. Stephen Stark, may be referred to as a pattern of good taste, marked by the appropriate simplicity. It does most honorable credit to the establishment of Dea. Stevens, at which nearly all the monuments here seen were executed. Here on the left of the principal avenue, in a spot unmarked when we were last here, is a chaste and delicate monument, surmounted by a vase, in which is a fresh and beautiful bouquet of garden flowers. They tell of warm and loving hearts and a sweet and blessed memory. The inscription indicates unclouded hope, and a belief that to die, even in the bloom of youth, is gain. "Sarah, daughter of J. L. Seavey"—there are many living hearts whose sympathies are dew drops to those perishable flowers.

Here, a few steps further, is another vase of flowers, and a little grave that measures only a few summers. Sweet emblems of an affection daily refreshed at memory's fount! More lasting than these flowers is the love that still brings offering of tears to the grave of little "Florence."

But we have no time for details, and didn't intend them till a day of more leisure. An occasional note of the progress of this beautiful spot may live to be an interesting record to those who walk its shady avenues when these trees bear the spreading branches of a century. Then—but what, then? and who, then? Beautiful iron railings enclose several of the lots; and in all directions are the numberless marks of improvement that tell how general an interest our citizens feel in the adornment of the place. And the graves are multiplying—even clustering, here and there—as it were footprints whose increasing numbers and freshness tell of our approach to the spirit land.

**A SHORT STORY.** Time works out the proof of a great many knotty questions. We are told of one of these solutions now in process, in a town close by. A man with a family of young children, took advantage of the reign of the terrible Maine Law and bought a little forty-acre farm for a home for the wife and little ones. He had an appetite for rum, when the temptation was too handy, but kept comparatively sober while the hands of the rumrunner were tied by law. Last year his near neighbor, Mr. Whitsmore, represented the town in the legislature. Mr. Whitsmore most sanctimoniously believed that the liberty for which powder is burned on the 4th of July embraced the selling of rum and the making of paupers. So he voted to repeal the Maine Law, and the man with the rum appetite began to see that he could get drunk without the slightest opposition. He began to do so—and his wife in her loneliness and poverty began to get drunk too. It was a great privilege, and a great triumph over the Maine Law, eh? Day after day and night after night they celebrated the victory, till all hope of either paying for the land or raising crops on it is gone. And the children, what becomes of them? It is the best of the story. Night after night, as often as the parents are drunk, they all turn in upon Mr. Whitsmore for supper and lodging. What can he do?—he is worth ten thousand dollars! His conscience tells him he must feed them or be damned—and he feeds them. May his generous bounty continue as long as it does his soul good!

**LUXURIES.**—The season promises to be prolific in good things. Nothing thus far seems to be deficient but strawberries. It is said the dry seasons have destroyed the vines. The wholesome raspberry, with its agreeable relatives in the rear, is already in market, and promises an unusual abundance, as does also the blueberry. Apples, pears, plums and cherries promise at least an ordinary crop; and we have heard it remarked that thus far the orchard promises to be less destructive than usual. His season of depredation has yet scarcely arrived.

**NEW POTATOES.**—Mr. Frederick Paine, of Winslow, dug fair samples of new potatoes on the 4th. On the 12th he left a mess at our office, of a size rarely seen so early. Thus far the season has been singularly favorable for this crop, and if it escapes the blight the harvest must be a great one.

From the same friend we have a sample of the "Champion" pea, which has been extensively distributed through the Patent Office. It is a very large, beautiful and exceedingly rich pea; and though a little too sweet for our temperate palate, it will doubtless be highly acceptable to such as have been higher fed. If we ever get to be an alderman, or president of a railroad company, friend Paine shall have an order for a peck of the seed.

## OUR TABLE.

**LIFE, EXPLORATIONS AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.** By Charles Wentworth Upham. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

An authentic biography of the Republican candidate for the presidency comes opportunely to hand at this time, when the people are so anxious to learn the whole history of the man selected as the standard bearer of the friends of freedom. The work has been written in no partisan spirit, but fairly and honestly, with an evident determination on the part of the biographer to do justice to one whose eminent public services and rare qualities, while they have won the respect and admiration of his countrymen, have also made him the mark of envy and detraction. "The topics of the work," says the author in his preface, "are regarded by the writer as having an interest and dignity entirely independent of any of the excitements and political operations of the day; and it has been prepared with no other feeling than to present what men of all parties and sections will hereafter, at all times, recognize as a true picture of a character and life that have justly excited attention, and will occupy a permanent place in our annals."

We are compelled to acknowledge that two of the gravest charges brought against the Colonel by his opponents, are fully proved in the work before us: he did marry Jessie Benton, without the consent of her father having been first duly had and obtained—and, in the service of his country, he has frequently been compelled to subsist for days upon the flesh of dogs and mules.

"The very head and front of his offending Hath this extent, no more."

The work is ornamented with a fine portrait of Col. Fremont, on steel, and numerous wood cuts illustrative of scenes and incidents in the history, including a good picture of the renowned "Kit Carson." For sale at G. K. Matthews's.

**FORESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.**—The July number contains another chapter of the story of "Hiawatha," adapted to the comprehension of children, with extracts from Longfellow's celebrated poem, nicely illustrated. Many other pleasant stories and beautiful pictures are also given, for the instruction and delight of the little folks. Published by F. & G. C. Rand, Boston, at \$1 a year.

**PETERSON'S MAGAZINE** for August is full of good stories, and furnishes much instruction in matters of great moment in the eyes of the fairer portion of creation. A fine steel engraving—"Beginning Early"—graces the number, with a beautiful fashion plate and numerous wood cuts. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

## THE NORTH EAST CHAMBER.

A SUMMER RECORD.

## VI.

"There's grandeur on the mountain,  
There's beauty on the plain,  
In the stream, the lake, and fountain,  
Mid the hills and woods of Maine."

Everyday sights, however novel and interesting, however pleasing and entertaining, soon weary us; and in a short time they become tiresome, monotonous and common-places. With what admiration and delight, yet with feelings of wonder and astonishment, we first beheld the locomotive, as it dashed past our doors, bearing its long train of cars with the rapidity of thought over the iron rails. Now it has become a nuisance, and we dread the thunder of its wheels and the scream of its whistle, almost as much as we should dread the sound of that angelic trumpet proclaiming "Time shall be no more!" And so it is that those objects which on first sight please us more, and work upon our thoughts with a deeper feeling, are the soonest to fail of giving a lasting pleasure; thus things look differently, as they are looked upon. We often see things which at a first glance, give us no interest whatever, yet as we examine them more closely, and study them more minutely, we see in them beauties which we thought at first they did not contain. What young gentleman has not before now, been struck at once with the beauty of a young lady whom he met in the street; and yet if he see her in company or in a different situation will not believe it is the same person whom he so much admired at first sight. We see these objects everyday, and are all unconscious of what beauties there are in the world around us, and more especially at this season of the year; for we are so hurried with our labor that we cannot find time to contemplate the rich beauties of nature and to muse on the ten thousand things which connect themselves with it. Yet who is there so busy that he cannot find time to enjoy a glorious sunset, or who so much engaged in his pursuits that he cannot for a short time leave them, and turn his attention and his thoughts upon things too pure, too high for an abiding place upon earth, to learn to adore the Great Creator, and the Giver of all beauty, richness and goodness? It is a mistaken notion with some people that life in the country or remote from the noise and bustle of active life is uninteresting, and that there is a sameness in it, which creates no pleasure or amusement. Such are apt to think that it is just the same old story over and over, one daily round of hard work without any enjoyment, comfort or happiness; but this is not so. True, there is in some degree much similarity, in the pursuits of farm life, the sun rises and sets each day, it shines now, and again it is hidden by clouds, now it is rainy, dull and dark, then it clears away and we enjoy the light again. Yes, although there is a sameness, yet there are new beauties to be seen every day. At sunset the sky does not look alike any two evenings, and it is the same with its rising; the clouds are ever changing their form and color, and there is no end to the beauties, joys and pleasures of a quiet, retired country life. Poets tell us of the soft skies, and lovely sunset views of gay France, sunny Spain, bright Italy, and merry England, and travellers to these far off countries describe in glowing colors, the richness of their summer evenings, the beauty of the landscape views, and the pleasure derived by witnessing a sunrise among the Alps, or a sunset view from the ruins of some ancient castle or abbey. But why go to Europe to see the sun go down in glory at the close of a bright summer's day, why go thither to enjoy the lovely atmosphere, and the cool breezes of a foreign climate? In Maine, kind reader, the skies are as soft, the air is as balmy, the beauty of our moonlight evenings are unsurpassed; the sun sets with as much splendor, and rises with as much glory as in England or France. Go out, some of these still evenings in July, and watch the sun till it has gone from your view, until the whole western sky is lit up with red, and purple and gold—colors brighter than the pencil of man can paint—then wander slowly by the roadside and see the moon as it takes its place in the heavens,

listening all the while to the songs of birds, and the voices of nature's music—do this, kind reader, and you bring the soft skies of sunny Spain to your own home; you enjoy the beauty of an evening in an Italian climate; you feel the refreshing mountain air of England; and in your own land, see the loveliness of smiling France, as you witness a summer's sunset from your own door. Do not then say that there are no beauties in nature, for nature is always beautiful; and you do not appreciate her loveliness as you should.

"Tis night and I am at home, within this little room, my own chamber, that dear room which Sada once occupied, and which she loved so fondly. Yes, I am here; and am sitting by my table, and have been for the last two hours. Before me is a good stout volume, in which I have been reading until I am tired, and now my eyes feel badly in consequence. It is the "Complete Works of Henry Kirke White," edited by Robert Southey. I read this work years ago, yes even before I was old enough to understand the meaning, or to see the beauty of the poems and the letters; and for many years it has been my study, my constant companion. What a pity that one so young, so gifted, so noble, should die! Tears fill my eyes as I write, and I can scarcely see the paper before me. The poems of White are full of sorrow and sadness; but his letters show him to have been a true friend, a kind companion, a loving brother and son. Who does not remember that beautiful poem on Solitude:—

"The autumn leaf is here and dead,  
It floats upon the water's bed;  
I would not be a leaf, to die  
Without recording sorrow's sigh!  
The woods and winds, with sudden wail  
Tell all the same unvaried tale;  
I've none to smile when I am free,  
And none to sigh when I am bound."  
Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
That thinks on me and loves me too;  
I start, and when the vision's flown,  
I weep that I am all alone!"

White died at Cambridge, October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have brought to maturity a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. Lord Byron wrote the following beautiful lines on occasion of his early death.

Once more, and yet once more,  
I give unto my harp a dark-voiced lay;  
I heard the waters roar,  
I heard the flood of ages pass away.  
O thou, stern spirit, who dost dwell  
In this eternal cell,  
Noting, gray chronicle! the silent years;  
I saw thee rise—saw the scroll complete,  
Thou spakest, and at thy feet  
The universe gave way.

That hymn, familiar to all, beginning  
"The Lord our God is clothed with might,  
The winds obey his will;"

which is found in all our church hymn books, was written by White, although in this edition (published by E. Kearny, N. Y.) it is omitted. Before I retire, I take my Bible, and opening it read the XVIII Psalm; and in no place in the Sacred Writings is there to be found more beauty and sublimity than in these two verses:

"He bowed the heavens also and came down; and darkness was under his feet.  
And he rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind."

To show how nearly this language and meaning has been rendered into poetry, allow me to copy the imitation made by Thomas Sternhold:

The Lord descended from above  
He bowed the heavens high,  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.  
On cherubs and on cherubims  
Full royally he rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

But I am rambling, good night,

LANIUS.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

## Fire! Fire! Fire!!!

**Messrs. Editors:**—At the annual meeting of our Village Corporation, a committee was appointed to examine the condition of the reservoirs, the manner of supplying them with water, and to ascertain our facilities for extinguishing a fire and preventing its spread.

The committee have examined the various matters referred to them, and I understand they will make a report at an adjourned meeting of the Corporation to be held a week from next Monday.

I understand they will report that the reservoir near Mr. Crooker's store is the only one that can be relied on in case of a fire. The self-filling cisterns (embracing all in the village but four) cannot be relied on. They are pretty nearly full in the Spring, and as dry weather comes on—when they are most needed—they have not water enough to last more than fifteen minutes. The bad results arising from failure of water and the consequent moving of the engines were shown at the Wheeler Fire. That took place, too, when these cisterns were well-filled. But let it happen in the drought of summer, and the consequences would be disastrous. The tight cisterns which are kept full are better and more reliable—but only to a small extent. We have three of these besides that near Mr. Crooker's: One near Mr. Stackpole's, one near Mr. West's and one on Spring St. The trouble with these is they are too small. Had the fire when Mr. Stackpole's barn was burned got into the shed connected with his house, it would have swept the whole premises; because the water in that cistern would not have lasted long enough to quench the fire, and by the time the engine could have got in operation from the Gilman cistern, the fire would have recovered its fury and the water in that cistern would have failed before the fire could have been got under. On the other hand, with a sufficient supply of water in one place, with the means of throwing it, which we now have, the house could have been saved even though the fire had got into the shed. These small cisterns do very well in cases in which the engine gets there in season to put out the fire in five minutes or so, or in cases in which the buildings are sparse, to prevent its spreading. But when the fire gets fairly burning before the machine gets there, or in the dense portions of our village they cannot be relied on.

We want large, tight, cisterns. One cistern

holding 150 hds. is worth more than three holding 50 hds. each. We have a good supply of hose, or if not, can get it at less cost than to build reservoirs, and our village is so level that distance is of but little consequence. Give us large cisterns with hose enough to reach the fire and we will give you the water where you want it. I understand the Committee think three large reservoirs should be built at once. One on Main St., near Temple St.; one at the Hanscom Block, and one on Spring St. where the Gilman cistern is.

At any rate this matter will come before the Corporation at the meeting above spoken of. The object of this article is to call the attention of our citizens to it and secure a full attendance at that meeting. The action then may involve an expenditure of money, and it behooves our tax-payers to be there to see that it shall be expended for proper objects.

## FIREMAN.

**SIGNS OF THE TIMES.**—Dexter is a beautiful little village, nestled in among green hills, up the sides of which it is vigorously pushing its boundaries in all directions. There is a bustle in the streets, an appearance of busy industry and an air of thrift and prosperity about the whole place pleasant to behold, and in marked contrast to the state of things in many larger and more highly favored places. This is due to a wise use of the means which God and nature has placed within the reach of its enterprising inhabitants—the improvement of their wonderful water power. The stream that supplies this is small compared with our noble river, which we allow to flow lazily past our doors, without turning it to much account; being smaller than our own Messalonskee, even—another of God's good gifts, not half improved—but like this last named stream unfailing in its supply of water, and capable of being used many times in a short distance. Unmistakable signs of a vigorous and healthy growth we are always pleased to notice, but they are not the ones alluded to in the heading of this paragraph. These were signs political, and as we rode into the village last week, we saw them fluttering briskly in all directions.

"On lowly cottage and lofty hall,  
On shop and office, store and dwelling, stable and mill, from roof-tree and lintel, flagstaff and tree-top, in the valley and on the hill-side, on every street and avenue in the village and for miles away in every direction—all nailed up, with a never-sundered link, and all bearing the inscription—"FREMONT AND DAYTON!" The only demonstration on the other side that we were able to discern was a solitary flag, suspended from a cord attached to the roof of the hotel and the block opposite, which, bearing the names of Buchanan and Breckenridge flapped dismally in the damp wind. Things had decidedly a one-sided look, the full extent of which probably will be revealed at the ballot box in November.

[P. S. Many thanks, Bro. Withersell, for the loan of that overcoat; it enabled us to "bide the pelting of the pitiless storm" quite philosophically and averted many a well-deserved anathema from the head of the "penny-wise and pound-foolish" stage proprietor who sends out companies of passengers in open wagons for a ride of twelve miles in a drenching rain storm.]

**RUM.**—The police were several times called upon during the day Sunday to preserve order in the French section at the Head of the Falls. A considerable number of the elite of that neighborhood were more or less drunk, and their disturbance of such as were not was too much to be borne. Under the present management they are so freely fed with rum as to give strong probability that the town will have to feed them with bread next winter. If the pauper bills show any balance in favor of "rum liberty" it must be in some other locality than that.

**NARROW ESCAPE.**—John Hall, who has been over many a rough salt wave in his day, unintentionally and sadly against his wishes went over Ticonic Falls a few days ago. He took along with him logs enough for any quantity of boards, among which he mingled with great freedom on the way, and one of which he compelled to help him ashore when he got over the roughest of the voyage. John came to land with only a few bruises, and probably with a good resolution not to attempt to start another jam when nobody else has courage to do it.

**TWO ADVENTURES.**—A few nights since somebody pulled down the big shears used as a sign for Gardner's clothing store, at the same time breaking in his windows. Early next morning a young man started down the river with a broken arm. Query—whether the broken shears could tell who owned the broken arm? If so, the broken glass promises to be mummified as that part of the damage was accidental—as was the said broken arm.

**BROOKS HAS RESIGNED.**—In the House, on Monday, the vote was taken on the resolution of the majority of the committee, that Preston S. Brooks be, and he is forthwith expelled from this House as a representative from S. C. The result was yeas 121, nays 95—so the House refused to agree to the resolution; there not being a two-thirds vote as required by the Constitution thereon. Mr. B., after some appropriate remarks, spoke in his own defence, and concluded by informing the House he had resigned his seat. The next resolution of the majority of the committee was that declaring disapprobation of the conduct of Messrs. Edmundson and Keitt, in regard to the assault. Mr. Jones of Tenn., moved that the resolution be tabled. Motion disagreed to by yeas 96; nays 111. Pending the resolution the House adjourned.

**SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.**—Mr. Underwood, who committed the offence of attending the Republican Convention in Philadelphia, and who was in consequence warned out of Virginia, was not permitted to return, even for the purpose of settling up his business affairs. He

is now in Washington, where he writes to the N. Y. Post as follows:

"One month ago I supposed I owned 800 acres of Virginia soil, but perhaps the respectable gentlemen who have driven me from the State have confiscated my property, by a new code established very recently. My wife, who reached me on Saturday evening, informs me that when she appealed to the respectable gentlemen who demanded either my blood or banishment from the State, to know what law of Virginia I had violated, they replied to her that they did not know that I had broken any law, but that I had broken the 'rules of Virginia.' Now, as I am not acquainted with these 'rules of Virginia,' I think it very possible that they may apply to property as well as personal freedom. It seems to me that confiscation is just as suitable a 'rule' as exile, to apply to freedom of opinion. One of the old rules of Virginia, as I had supposed, was free speech, and in the language of Jefferson, I had thought that even 'error of opinion might be safely tolerated where reason is left to combat it.'"

**PORTRAIT OF FREMONT.**—We are indebted to Johnston & Carlton for a large and handsome portrait of John Charles Fremont, the Republican Presidential candidate. They have a few more of the same sort left, which can be obtained by those wishing to purchase, together with portraits of Sumner, Hall, Seward, Banks, and other champions of liberty. Give them a call.

**CURRENTS.** Don't waste them, but bring them to the Mail office, neatly picked from the stems, and exchange them for money at fair prices—in any quantity.

**FIREMEN'S FESTIVAL.**—The members of "Waterville No. 3" partook of a collation at their hall on Friday evening, by invitation of their foreman, Josiah H. Drummmond. About 7 o'clock they made their first parade in their new uniform, marching through the principal streets, to the fine music of the Waterville Band. It is no flattery to say their uniform is one of the neatest we ever saw; and it is but justice to Messrs. Bush & Lincoln to tell who made it. It does them credit.

Oysters and their necessary fixings were served from the saloon of Mr. Newell, whose good taste was both verbally and practically complimented. The entertainment closed with brief speeches and sentiments, from the Company and their guests, in which handsome compliments were paid to No. 3, the Waterville Band, and the Ladies. The latter had earned the favor by the presentation of some fine bouquets, one of which had the honor of presiding over the silver trumpet that marked the company's first victory; the others receiving the next highest honors. Gallantry is not one of the forgotten virtues of No. 3.

Notice was given that measures were in progress for arming the company and organizing it under a military banner. In any field the members of Waterville No. 3, one and all, are competent to take the trophy they like best.

## Republican Resolutions.

Adopted at the State Convention recently held in Portland.

1st. Resolved, That this Convention cordially, enthusiastically, and unanimously ratifies the nomination of John C. Fremont of California for the Presidency, and Wm. L. Dayton of New Jersey for the Vice Presidency; and that we pledge our best efforts to secure to the ticket the electoral vote of Maine.

2d. Resolved, That the principles enunciated in the resolutions of the National Convention which nominated Fremont and Dayton, are the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Federal Constitution as construed by founders and early Statesmen of this government, and that in a firm adherence to these principles consist the hope of the patriot, and the safety and perpetuity of our glorious Union.

3d. Resolved, That the true remedy for the previous evils that afflict the resident population of Kansas, consists in the immediate admission of that territory into the Union as a Sovereign State, and we congratulate the country that the Anti Nebraska party in the United States House of Representatives has nobly discharged its duty in passing a bill to that effect. The responsibility of defeating this measure of peace must rest on the pro-slavery democracy which controls the Senate of the United States, and which has recently added insult to injury by passing a bill which commits the cause of the people of Kansas to the guardianship of President Pierce and his Border Ruffian allies.

4th. Resolved, That this Convention and the lovers of Liberty everywhere, are under lasting obligations to Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, for his fearless impeachment of the present administration for the "crime against Kansas"; that we find the best proof for the unanswerable character of his arguments in the fact that the slave power has resorted to nothing in reply, but a murderous bludgeon in the hands of a coward; that we deeply sympathize with Mr. Sumner in all he has suffered for freedom and free speech; and trust that his life and energies may long be spared to adorn the hall of Legislation, and advance the cause of freedom.

5th. Resolved, That we now adopt the sentiments and language of two resolves of the Democratic Convention which met in Portland in 1849, and nominated John Hubbard for Governor of this State; and under which he was elected, and the Legislature constituted which placed Hannibal Hamlin in the Senate of the United States; which resolves were as follows:

"Resolved, That the institution of human slavery is at variance with the theory of our Government, abhorrent to the common sentiment of mankind, and fraught with danger to all who come within the sphere of its influence, that the federal government possesses adequate power to inhibit its existence in the territories of the Union; that the constitutionality of this power has been settled by judicial construction, by contemporaneous expressions, and by repeated acts of legislation."  
"Resolved, That while we most cheerfully concede to our southern brethren the right on all occasions, to speak and act with entire freedom on questions connected with slavery in the territories, we claim the exercise of the same right for ourselves; and any attempt, from any quarter, to stigmatize us or our representatives for advocating or defending the opinions of our people upon this subject, will be regarded as an unwarrantable act of aggression upon the rights of the citizens of this State."

6th. Resolved, That we heartily concur in the sentiments expressed in these resolutions, and commend them to the understanding and practice of the present self-styled democratic party.

7th. Resolved, That the Independence of the Judiciary is essential to the impartial administration of justice, and that all attempts to make it a subordinate, instead of a co-ordinate department of the government (as it is declared by the constitution to be) should meet with indignant rebuke from every friend of law and order. We therefore condemn the course of

the present Executive and his confederates in the assumed removal of Woodbury Davis from the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court.

8th. Resolved, That the administration of Samuel Wells has been distinguished by a spirit of extravagance and partisan corruption; that it has been governed more by a desire to advance the interests of political favorites than by honest efforts to promote the moral and material welfare of the State; and that it has manifestly and palpably misrepresented the popular sentiment on Maine of the all-engrossing question of slavery extension.

9th. Resolved, That in the great and patriotic cause in which we are engaged, on the success of which depends, as we believe, the prosperity if not the very existence of our beloved Confederacy, we earnestly invite the affiliation and co-operation of men of all parties, however differing in sentiment on other questions.

The present is a crisis so momentous, that all other issues—State and national—should be suspended—all old prejudices forgotten—and all good men should unite in a spirit of large liberality and broad patriotism for the preservation of that Liberty which is the life of the Constitution and the Union.

10th. Resolved, That this Convention hereby gives its united, hearty and unanimous concurrence in the nomination of Hannibal Hamlin as a candidate for Governor of Maine; that his firmness and independence in the cause of Freedom have endeared him to our hearts, and that we will individually as well as collectively render every honorable exertion to secure his election.

Mr. Baker of Augusta presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That it is the unanimous sense of this Convention, that our candidate for Governor this day nominated should retain his seat in the Senate of the United States, notwithstanding his nomination, until he is called to the Executive chair, and that he abate not a single effort by addresses to the people, or otherwise, to secure the triumph of the noble principles which he so nobly advocates, and which this Convention so strongly commended.

## The Douglas Kansas Bill.

In compliance with a request of the editors of the N. Y. Evening Post, Lieut. Governor Roberts of Kansas, has addressed them a note in which he expresses his opinion upon the bill which recently passed the Senate, to authorize the people of Kansas to form a State government.

Lieut. Gov. Roberts presents some forcible objections to this bill, which are not, he says, confined to its details only, but attach to the principles upon which it rests. He asserts in the first place, that by repealing and amending certain territorial laws and leaving others in force, the Senate has assumed the position that the Legislative Assembly of Kansas was a valid authority, and thus affixed the seal of Congressional sanction upon an irregular and lawless body of men who were elected by a rule utterly subversive of the principles of our government.

Another objection which he advances is, that by enacting this bill the Senate enacts a new elective law, thus assuming the power of Congress to legislate for the Territory in regard to matters of internal concern, while, in the opinion of the Senate, the Territory has already a local Legislature of its own; thus abandoning and repudiating by their action, the main principle on which the friends of the Kansas bill claim that it was based.

But the gravest objection urged is, that under the provisions of the bill, the action of the Constitutional Convention which is to assemble next fall, is to be a finality; the Constitution which shall be adopted by that Convention is not to be submitted to the people, and they are therefore denied the invaluable privilege of acting in their primary capacity upon the organic law of the land. In regard to the alteration of the elective law of the Territory, in the election of delegates to this Convention, and the finality of the action of the Convention itself, Lieut. Gov. Roberts very justly remarks that to give to a board of Commissioners, appointed by the President, the power to determine who shall vote for delegates to a Convention, and to be the sole judges of the election of such delegates, and to make the action of that Convention final in a matter so important as the formation of a constitution and state government, is to erect a power dangerous to popular rights, and virtually to establish a despotism.

Mr. Roberts says that "one effect of refusing to submit the constitution to a vote of the people would be to obviate the necessity of retaining in the Territory a large body of men during the winter." Missourians and others, who have no permanent abiding place in the Territory, will probably take up a temporary residence there, in order to qualify themselves to vote for delegates to the constitutional convention under the new elective law. It would be extremely inconvenient for these persons to remain in the Territory all winter, and it seems just to infer that the object in making the action of the convention final, was to give these temporary residents an opportunity to control the convention, and to secure for Kansas such a constitution as will suit the purposes of the slavery extensionists; having done which, they are at liberty to return to their homes.

Another objection urged by Mr. Roberts against this bill, is the establishment by it of a ratio of representation in the Territory, under which the apportionment of delegates is to be determined by the number of voters, and not the whole number of inhabitants; the enumeration of voters at the present time, when many of the citizens have been driven from their homes and from the Territory; and the fact that the authorizing the people of Kansas to form a constitution and state government, is altogether gratuitous on the part of Congress, inasmuch as no such authority has been asked for by the people themselves.

The force of all these objections to the latest scheme of Mr. Douglas and his friends, must be apparent to all who will give their bill an attentive examination. It is undoubtedly a very cunningly devised measure. It proposes to aim at, and at first blush it may seem to have a tendency to secure, the pacification of Kansas. But if it should become a law, its effect may be to secure the ascendancy of the slavery extension party in the Territory. We have confidence, however, that such a result will be averted by the action of the House of Representatives upon the bill. [Boston Trav.

**SOMERSET & KENNEBEC R. R.**—We are gratified to learn that there is every prospect of the speedy completion of this road to Skowhegan. The Directors have ordered some 720 tons of iron from England, and have made arrangements, we understand, to purchase some 400 tons more in this country. They have also ordered two new locomotives for immediate use in laying the track, &c. The prospect is very excellent now that 'before snow flies' we shall have railroad connection with Skowhegan. The business of the K. & P. R. R. will, it is hoped and believed, be materially improved by this extension. [Ken. Jour.







